

CARLSBAD CURRENT.

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NO. 41.

CARLSBAD SALOON

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Leaves Alamogordo 3:30 p. m.
Arrives El Paso 7:15 p. m.
Leaves El Paso 10:30 a. m.
Arrives Alamogordo 2:45 p. m.
(Making connection at El Paso for
the east, west and all points in Mexico.
Connecting at Alamogordo with the
stage line for the

White Oaks Country.

White Oaks, Bonito, Nogala, Gray,
and Salado coal fields.
Also connecting with Tularosa stage
line which leaves Alamogordo after
arrival of train each day. Leaves
Tularosa at 10:30 a. m., La Luz at 12
m., making connection with the south
bound train.

A. S. GREGG,
Gen Supt & Tkt & Pass Agt
H. ALEXANDER, A. G. P. A.

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BACKBONE OF AGRICULTURE.

Varieties of Sheep and Value of
Their Products.

The bleating of lambs is once more
heard in the land, says a writer in London
Sketch, and the interesting treatise
may be seen disporting themselves
on the greenward in the sheepfold or
wending their way through rural lanes.
Wherever found, they make a picture
of unstudied grace. No posing for the
camera here—just a wild abandonment
to a sense of enjoyment as they bask in
the sunshine. The present season has
been a favorable one for the lambs the
wind has been tempered indeed, and
although the turnips are small and



scarce, the grass lands have afforded
continual pasture. A visit to the sheep-
fold will put up quite a cloud of birds
—finches, sparrows, starlings and jack-
daws, who come to devour the scattered
corn.

I have photographed nearly every
breed of sheep in these islands, includ-
ing the wild species found at the ecolog-
ical gardens, the Welsh mountain
and Irish Roscommon in their native
pastures, and the tiny Shetlands, and
in every case the lambs, when alarmed,
rush to their dams for comfort before
taking flight, thus exhibiting the in-
stincts of their remote ancestors, who,
being comparatively defenseless, had
to take to the upper ranges of moun-
tains and trust to their fleetness of foot
for safety, their constant exposure to
a low temperature eventually inducing
the growth of a warm, woolly covering.
In due time they were introduced to
this country, and ever since the dawn
of history Britain has been celebrated
for its wool. The Romans very highly
esteemed it, and garments made from
British wool were worn by their nobility.
Indeed it is asserted by some
that our immense foreign trade com-
menced with the export of wool to the
continent. Be that as it may, it is an
undoubted fact that sheep remain to-
day the backbone of agriculture. First,
there is the meat. Early lambs always
command a good price, as also do good
thevies, wethers and ewes. Then the
wool—although its price and quality
vary from the lustrous and valuable
fleece obtained from the long woolled
Lincolns to the coarse but useful variety
obtained from the Scotch highlands
and mountains of Cumberland—brings
in a considerable sum. Then, too, sheep
are known, in the picturesque language
of Spain, as the animals with golden
feet, because wherever they have been
folded over the land enormous crops are
sure to grow, and, lastly, there is the
breeding of pedigree sheep, which has
developed enormously in recent times,
so that prices which would have seemed
fabulous to our forefathers have been
obtained for a single sheep, the high
water mark being reached last year,
when a Lincoln ram, owned by Mr.
Dudding of Grimsby, was sold for 1,000
guineas. Others have been sold for 200
guineas and upward, many of them for
export, British stock having won a
worldwide renown.

Raising Young Pigs.
If the young pigs lie in the nest
much of the time, they will become fat
and sleek, and the feeder may imagine
he is accomplishing excellent results.
But before long it will be noticed that
they seem to breathe hard, breathing
by short, panting breaths. In advanced
stages they will turn green or black on
the belly.

This trouble is known as thumps,
and is caused by the pig getting fat
around the heart.
Exercise is the preventive and cure.
The pig must be kept stirring and not
allowed to lie around in this way.
Feed a little soaked corn on a clean
floor, thus compelling them to be on
their feet to gather it up.

Get in the pen and stir them out of
their nest and force them to run about;
but, best of all, turn them out in a lot
or yard as soon as possible and they
will take exercise for themselves.
The food should be given in a side
pen, where the mother sow cannot gobble
it all up before the pigs have had a
chance to get any.

As they grow older and there is no
danger of their becoming too fat give
them some skim milk in a low trough,
and also mix in a thick slop ground
wheat or middlings or oats with the
shocks sifted out, and give also in a
low trough.

Buttermilk is equally as valuable as
skim milk, if fed without the usual ad-
mixture of water from washing the
butter in the churn.
The wash water may be utilized by
mixing with grain. If any be left, it
should be removed.—Farm Journal.

The Cause.

"Have you a last request to make?"
asked the king of the Cannibal islands,
addressing the missionary.

The latter glanced at his august maj-
esty (so called by reason of his sum-
mer attire), and replied:
"Yes, Great One. When I left my na-
tive land, I promised to write to a
brother in this line of work and tell
him how I liked the country. If your
majesty please, I should like to write
him a few words."

The king reflected for a moment.
"There can be no objection to that, so
far as I can see. You may proceed."

The missionary's hands were untied,
and there upon a piece of bark he in-
scribed the following words:
Dear Friend—This is a delightful country.
There is but one objection to it, and that, I fear,
will account for the fact that I shall never see you
again. There is plenty to eat here—but the cooking
will kill me. Farewell.

This being finished, the king directed
his slaves to stir the caldron and the
preparation of the meal proceeded.
A Tale From the Mysterious East.
The last wonderful tale being told
among the Burmese in Rangoon is con-
cerning a monster egg. A few months
ago near Shwebo the villagers heard a
strange and mysterious voice in the
jungle uttering in Burmese the words,
"I am going to lay," which were re-
peated frequently several times a day
for many days. Eventually the egg was
laid, and its size is said to exceed that
of ten large paddy baskets. Nobody
will go near this egg, from which now
come the words, "I am going to hatch,"
also repeated many times every day.—
Times of Burmah.

Looking Up at Gibraltar.

Perhaps the favorite sight of Gibrat-
ar is the daily procession at sundown
for the locking of the town gates. The
keeper of the keys, looking very like a
prisoner despite his uniform, marches
through the town in the center of a
military guard, preceded by a regu-
lment band, which plays inspiring
and familiar tunes. The keys, of enor-
mous size, are borne aloft before him
as an outward and visible emblem of
the vigilance of Britain in guarding
her prime military treasure.
On arriving at the gates the guard
singles the martial strains strike up
with a redoubled pean of triumph,
while the great doors slowly swing to
and are solemnly locked for the night.
Then right about turn, and the pro-
cession marches back to the convent to
deposit the keys in the governor's keep-
ing, conveying by its passage an assur-
ance to the people and garrison that
they may rest in peace.
Once the gates are shut, it were cas-
ier for a camel to pass through the eye
of a needle than for any unauthorized
person to go into Gibraltar. Even a be-
lated officer returning from pig stick-
ing beyond the lines would be con-
fronted by so many formalities and the
necessity of inconveniently so many
high personages that he would prob-
ably prefer to encounter the discom-
fort of a Spanish lan without.

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UNCLE IKE ON MISSIONS.

So you're waitin my subscription for the relation-
ary cause,
And you say that Uncle Ike is one of them that
never leave
When he's asked to do his duty, sendin out the
gospel light
To the far off savage heathen gropin in the gloom
of night.

Yes, I've done my duty, parson, prayin all that I
could stand,
For "from Greenland's icy mountains" and "from
India's coral strand"
I could hear them heathen wailin for the gospel's
savin power,
And the missionary service seemed a blessed, holy
hour.

But this year it seems so different, and things
seem all turned around,
And old "Greenland's icy mountains" has a
queer and funny sound—
For them heathen don't seem willin to be
gospelized by us.
And we've got to change our methods, and we're
in an awful fix.

And it seems we've been mistaken and have lost
a lot of time,
And our sentimental foolin might in fact be cal-
led a crime;
For a hundred years o' preachin 'pears has done
but little good,
And our missionary teachers might as well been
asin wood.

While our pious Yankee preachers, with their
Bibles and their schools
Count a hundred Christian converts made by sim-
ple gospel tools,
England, with her shells and cannon on rich
"Judy's coral strand,"
Count her millions and repeats it down in "Africa's
golden sand."

This I've gathered from your sermon and from
once I seen in print,
And I guess our "sentimental elders" have at last
took up the hint
That the big commercial bosses that are winn
English means
Have been givin them flat lately over in the
Philippines.

So no missionary money comes this year from
Uncle Ike.
Only what he pays as war tax. No, I've not
"gone on a strike,"
But if Gattin guns is better than the story of the
cross,
Then your missionary preachin's aorthin but a
wicked kum.

No, I'm not a-gittin stingy on the missionary
line,
For I'm prayin now's I used to, but this queer
old heart of mine
Goes out more to them "home missions" that are
doin all they can
To convert our fightin Christians to the brother-
hood of man.

GAVIN MCA. MILLER.

Her Theory.

Mrs. Mild—You seem to differ from
the usual idea about coddling a man
to win his consent. According to your
theory, scolding is the best medium
for winning satisfactory results.
Mrs. Wild—That, my dear, is in ac-
cord with one of the laws of nature.
Everything has got to be blown up
before it will come down.—Richmond
Dispatch.

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Pecos Valley & Northeastern Railway Co.

Central Time.

North Bound.	Pecos	South Bound.
Ar. 7:30 a. m.	Ar. 7:30 a. m.	Ar. 7:30 a. m.
Ar. 7:30 a. m.	Ar. 7:30 a. m.	Ar. 7:30 a. m.
Ar. 7:30 a. m.	Ar. 7:30 a. m.	Ar. 7:30 a. m.
Ar. 7:30 a. m.	Ar. 7:30 a. m.	Ar. 7:30 a. m.
Ar. 7:30 a. m.	Ar. 7:30 a. m.	Ar. 7:30 a. m.
Ar. 7:30 a. m.	Ar. 7:30 a. m.	Ar. 7:30 a. m.
Ar. 7:30 a. m.	Ar. 7:30 a. m.	Ar. 7:30 a. m.
Ar. 7:30 a. m.	Ar. 7:30 a. m.	Ar. 7:30 a. m.
Ar. 7:30 a. m.	Ar. 7:30 a. m.	Ar. 7:30 a. m.

Train No. 1 leaves Pecos, Texas, daily at
8:00 a. m., arrives Eddy 7:30 a. m., Roswell
11:45 a. m., Amarillo 1:30 p. m., connecting
with A. T. & P. and F. W. & D. C. Rys.

Train No. 2 leaves Amarillo daily at 5:30 a.
m., arrives Roswell 7:30 p. m., Eddy 8:15 p.
m., Pecos 10:45 p. m., connecting with
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